

# The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. V.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, JANUARY 11, 1869.

NO. 43.

## POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

## TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

## FALSE MOTIONS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., W. C., March 27, 1864.

IT seems to me that the drift of what we call the spirit of the times, is to bring men to such a pitch of execution, correctness and certainty, that they will never make any false motions, but will be sure of doing a thing exactly as it should be done the first time trying. In threading a needle, what is the use of working one side of the eye and then the other, and making four or five failures? Why not thread it the first motion you make? When you do at last thread it, you do it without any thanks to the previous mistakes. *Avoid repetition.* That is the word. That is the drift of all my education, and it is, I believe, of the education of all mankind. There is no time for correction.

The practical point in my mind now is the importance of adopting this principle in our work on the paper. The business of correcting mistakes in our office is very burdensome, and always has been. The writers are responsible in a great measure. They send in bad copy, illegible, unfinished in the minutiae of punctuation, indentures, &c. Every writer should make up his mind that when he sends copy to the press, it shall be all right, and thus give the printer as little trouble as possible; and the same principle should govern those who set the type; they should calculate to do their work right the first time, and not rely on subsequent corrections. People who adopt a lazy reference to future corrections, will not feel the necessity of doing things right the first time. The writers should write as particularly as though they never expected to see their copy again; and the type-setters should give no place to negligence, because their work is going to be corrected in the proof. All are responsible for their time. There is no room for waste time. We shall not have any more time than we want for the work that God has set before us. It will not do for us to double on our work. If we do, we shall use time that ought to be kept for something else.

I feel rebuked, in a certain sense, every time I catch myself reading over what I have written, to see if I can not improve it a little, in sense or form. I feel that God will cure me of this habit by and by, and I shall not

waste any time in that way. I carry that same principle into my thoughts. I feel distinctly that God does not want me to think the same thing twice. It is a great saying, but I believe it is *true*, that God does not want us to think the same thing twice without variation and improvement. There is scope enough for us to be constantly thinking something *new*.

Still we must not press this view of the subject too far. There is another side to look out for, no doubt. A person must be allowed to study his writings and improve them if possible. But the final aim of our education, is to carry us beyond all repetition, either in writing or in thought, and we should as fast as possible, work up to that standard.

I move that we reduce the business of correcting to a minimum; in the first place, in regard to the press, and then in regard to our whole life. A good lecture might be given on the subject of waste of thought. There is as much to be said about that as waste of money. Every mistake you make and have to correct, involves a waste of thought, which is really just as bad as waste of corn or money. A great deal of thought may be wasted, I see, in choosing subjects which we can not quite handle.

I think the expression of Paul, where he says, "Forgetting the things which are behind," &c., is applicable to this subject. *Do a thing, and leave it.* Don't stop to gloat over it, or think what other folks will think about it; but pass on and forget it. If you are going to the depot, and have only time to get there in season for the cars, it will not do for you to go on awhile and then stop and turn back, making side steps, and back steps; but you must make every step tell. In an important sense, we have but just time to reach the depot in all we do. If we are going to work into the rhythm of heaven and walk with God, we have only just time to make the true connections.

Many persons seem to be constructing their lives on the same principle that a writer adopts, who calculates to go over his piece several times and correct it. They are calculating to have a proof-sheet by and by, and do not care how many mistakes they make. This is a bad way of living, and just what the day of judgment is coming to put a stop to. Do a thing right, and there will be no correction of it for all eternity. When God comes to read the proof in the day of judgment, he will say, It is all right, and pass on. How much better that will be, than to be called to account for innumerable mistakes.

## SCRAPS AND TALKS,

FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

[The report of Mr. and Mrs L.'s criticism finishes, as we said last week, with both telling how they came to be married. Their stories are simple and yet remarkable. The time was 1845, when the Putney believers were conformed to the fashion of this world in respect to marriage, and had a truly Puritan standard of manners. It was not till two years after, that we entered upon our present social relations.]

### Mr. L.'s Story.

"For a year before my engagement to F. my mind was very much exercised on the subject of marriage. Two elements were at work in me—love for woman, and a querying concerning God's will—by what course I should please him. I lived in Mr. Noyes's family at this time, and my wife lived there also. I began to feel an attraction toward her, and thoughts of marriage came up, but I never hinted any such thing, and she supposed I was totally indifferent. The attraction increased; my heart was drawn out very much, but I was bashful and reserved. I saw no way open to move. It went on, my affection gathering intensity the more I suppressed it, until I began to be very much tried. In my perplexity I made up my mind to give it up to God. I had no wisdom to go forward myself. If my instincts were true, God would open the way; if he did not open the way, I should have nothing to do about it; and so I dismissed the subject from my mind, and was free. The close of the year drew nigh, when I thought of leaving Putney for a season. The evening before I was to leave, Mr. Noyes in some conversation wished to know what my intentions were for the future, and among other things he asked me if I ever thought of getting married. I opened my heart to him; and when he asked me if I had any particular person in view, I mentioned F.; and behold he was of the same mind. He suggested that I should write to her while I was gone. I did write, offering marriage. I had left it with God to determine my course, and I acknowledge the match as one that he made. I had dismissed the question so completely from my mind, that I was taken entirely by surprise."

### Mrs. L.'s Story.

"When Mr. L. first came into Mr. Noyes's family I thought he was such a still, sober young man, I should never get acquainted with him, and I did not for a good while. You would not believe he ever looked at a woman. In the course of the summer I began to love him. A secret love burned in my heart, but I would hardly let myself know it. It was his spiritual character and his faith that made me love him. I thought to myself, he would suit me pretty well. I was afraid somebody would find it out, and I would not have it known, for all the world, because I thought he did not care for me. At

last, one evening while he was speaking before a Lyceum in the village, my heart kindled with love to him, and I felt that it was from God, and I resigned it back to God. I said, Lord, take it into thine own care—do thine own will. I could not do anything about it. I gave it up to God, and it went out of my mind. I thought no more about it till I received a letter from him to my great astonishment, offering marriage. I said immediately, God has had a hand in all this; all this time there has been a mutual attraction, unsuspected by either of us. I acknowledged God in it, and felt that it was worth while to give up our dearest wishes to him."

"In conclusion Mr. Noyes said he liked the aspect of this love-experience very much. That kind of love which is strong, deep, burning, fervent, yet modest, patient, submissive to God, is sure of success. God will favor that kind of love and bring it to a good issue."

[Out falls an old letter from the trunk. What is it? Mr. L.'s hand writing! a letter to his wife! may be it will do for the "scraps." Well, it is a droll letter, but there is enough that is characteristic about it to link it with what has gone before, so we will put it in.]

Brooklyn, July 19, 1852.

DEAR F.:—I had quite an adventure yesterday morning, and will try to give you some account of it. I went out immediately after breakfast for the purpose of taking a walk to the Heights. After reaching the Heights I sat down on a low seat which I found on the brink of the steep declivity that fronts the water, and noticed a decent-looking young Irish woman standing a little way off. Presently she came and sat down on one end of the seat I occupied, remarking as she did so that it was as cheap sitting as standing. After a while she asked me if I knew what was contained in the great number of barrels we saw before us. I told her it was rosin, principally; and we had some further conversation about it, and other little things that attracted our attention, one of which was the number of gentlemen that were promenading with their children from two to six years old. She remarked that it must be that gentlemen in this country thought a great deal more of their children than they did in Ireland. She said perhaps it was because they had so many children there—it was a common thing for parents to have eighteen or nineteen children, and she never saw such a thing as a gentleman taking them out to walk—it was always done by some woman or servant girl. She appeared to be pleased with my company, and proceeded to tell me that she had been in this country but three months from Ireland, and that she had started at four o'clock this morning from her home in Brooklyn, in search of an uncle—a Dr. Riley—living in New York. She had nearly reached Fulton ferry when she was accosted by a couple of gentlemen—"dacent looking," she said they were—who inquired of her the way to some street. On telling them that she was a stranger here and unacquainted with the streets, they invited her to walk with them apiece, which she declined. They offered her a handful of money, and urged her in various ways, but she resisting, they finally dragged her away by main force. To make a long story short, after they had torn open the neck of her dress,

broken her gold pen, and in other ways abused her, she was rescued from them by a police officer. The policeman wished to prosecute them if she would accompany him to the City Hall and tell her story; but she said she would rather die than do that, and only asked to get out of their clutches. So the officer conducted her into a house near the Heights, where she could stay till there were more folks stirring, and let the ruffians off. When I saw her she "was yet afraid to go to the ferry, for fear of meeting them again." "It's an awful country, this," she said; "she could walk the streets of Dublin any time of night, and she had never before been insulted in this way. Protestants surely must be a great deal worse than Catholics." She had understood from others, she said, that this country was much better off by the coming over here of so many Irish; that they understood putting in seeds, cultivating the land, &c., better than Americans.

It would make too long a letter to give you all the details of our conversation, as we kept it up for about an hour, but I will give the pith of it as well as I can. I learned that she was the last of a family of sixteen brothers and sisters that had come over to America, and she was going back this fall, "God helping her," to see her mother safe over, who, she said, was almost as smart and young-looking as herself. She had seen none of her relatives yet since her landing here, and they had not heard of her arrival. One of her brothers was a priest, and lived in Newark. Another had been a priest in Canada, but was dead. She thought every thing of the priests, and especially of her brother that had lived in Canada. She told me several instances of miracles that had been performed by them, to her knowledge, of which I will only say now, that they convinced me of the wonderful power of the priests over the common people, through the superstitious reverence of the latter for them. I knew the priests did not marry; but for the sake of hearing her answer, I asked if her brother that died was married? She looked up with some astonishment and replied,

"He was a priest!" as though, if I had not forgotten that, I should have known he never was married.

"Do the priests never marry?" I asked.

"Bless you, no; they would no sooner look on a woman than would an angel from heaven. It is required of them that they be perfectly pure; and if it were found out of any of them that they ever had any communications with the ladies before they received holy orders, they would never get into the office. They must be perfectly pure from their youth up."

"Do you believe in the Bible?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered; and then inquired if I meant the Catholic Bible? I told her I believed there was but little difference between the Protestant and Catholic Bibles—that I had seen them both. She said that was so; but the error of Protestants was—and that which made the great difference between them and Catholics—they did not believe in the Virgin, the Mother of God, and in the holy oil used by the priests. She regarded it as essential that we should believe in the Mother of God, as in consequence of this relation she had a great influence with him; that Christ would do any thing for his mother, and

we were thus authorized to pray for her intercessions. She wished to know if I believed in the Virgin? I replied that I did—that I thought she was highly honored in being the Mother of Christ; but I judged from all we could learn from the Testament that Christ showed no partiality for her over other women—that all alike received his favor who did the will of his Father. She evidently thought there was something lacking in my faith on this point, and by way of strengthening her position went on to give an account of the miraculous birth of Christ as follows:

"There was a strong affection between St. Joseph and the Virgin; but while he was keeping company with her, he discovered that she was in a 'family way' and about to become a mother, which disturbed him and excited his jealousy, though he still loved her too well to break company. One day as they were walking out, they stopped under a vine laden with grapes. The Virgin requested Joseph to bend down to her a bough on which hung a cluster of grapes, but he replied,

"Let the father of your child bend it down for you."

"Upon this the unborn babe spoke out from his mother's womb, and commanded the bough to bend down to her. This wonderful miracle convinced Joseph of the Virgin's integrity, and that she had never had communication with any man; and it also showed her power with God."

After hearing her through I asked how she knew all this—that I had never read of it in the Bible?

"O, it is not in the *large* Bible," she replied, "but in the small ones, in the prayer-books they use for Mass;" and one or two other books she mentioned which I do not recollect. She talked considerably about the body and blood of Christ as taken in the sacrament, as being the only support to the soul, &c.

Just before leaving her she asked if I were ever at Albany? She thought of going there to find a relative, and was interested to know what sort of a place it was. I told her I had been there, and that a few days ago myself and friend were accidentally taken up there on the boat. She was entertained with the story, and thought the captain was clever to charge us nothing for the trip. She asked if it was my wife that went to Albany with me? (How she found out that I had a wife, can't say.) I told her, No, my wife lived three hundred miles from here, and I hadn't seen her for a year. "Well, that beat everything she had heard of: she couldn't stand *that*! if she were married she should want to live with her husband all the time." If I were not very discontented, she thought I must be hardened. I told her I was neither hardened nor discontented; that I should be very glad to see my wife (I told the *truth*, Fanny), but was contented to wait for God to open the way, &c. &c. She could hardly believe that I was not discontented; but as she had just been preaching to me about patience and resignation to the will of God in the case of the blessed Virgin at the trying scene of the crucifixion of her Son, I had the advantage of her in the argument. Well, to finish off, she asked if my wife was Irish? I replied No, and asked her if she thought I was Irish?

"Shure," she said, "*I thought ye were Irish*,"

and born in this country." When I left her, she said she was not afraid to go over to New York now, and should start soon. S. R. L.

### EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

#### XII.

THE low wages and invariably large families of the British farm laborers, must of course necessitate the strictest economy in living, and the closest calculation as to how little food will suffice to keep body and soul together. Luxuries are out of the question, unless perhaps we except the pipe of tobacco, and an occasional horn of beer; these costing on an average, probably less than a shilling per month. But English women are proverbially housewives, and no pains are spared, and no opportunities lost, to make both ends meet. Every child, whether boy or girl, finds a chance to bear a share in this responsibility. So soon as they are old enough to run and halloo, they are available for farming purposes.

The first occupation of children on a farm, is usually, to "keep birds." The country is so plentifully stocked with various kinds of birds, that farmers are under the necessity of protecting their crops from the ravages of these little depredators—a protection they can well afford, as so few of the birds are migratory, that they must devour during winter a large quantity of insect larvæ; and in other seasons, if driven from the grain-fields, they must subsist upon a variety of other insect food, that would otherwise prove destructive to crops. Early in the spring, directly the first seeds are placed in the ground (which is about the first day of March,) there commences a demand for small boys, at small remunerations, to keep birds from eating the seed; and then when the grain ripens, these small boys are again in request. Thus it will be seen, that as each grain-field has to be furnished with its youthful protector, a great number of poor children in this way find employment, and a chance to help keep house. An American who visited England, and saw so many urchins running helter-skelter over the fields, each one springing a rattle, and hallooing as if his throat would burst, might well be excused for supposing that half the rising generation of the country had taken leave of their senses. A boy who was in the habit of using his wits rather than his limbs, upon being sharply rebuked by the farmer for being under a hedge instead of driving away the birds, remonstrated that he "was hired to 'keep birds;'" if he drove them away, he should call that "starving birds." It may be inferred that the application of a horse-whip, corrected his views on bird-keeping.

Tending poultry, turning churns, driving teams, and various details of farm work generally, give occupation to most of the male portion of the laborer's family, while the girls and mother frequently find something to do in the way of weeding, picking stones, and harvesting. But the busiest time with them is the gleaning season; then may be seen, perhaps, the merriest sight of which old England can boast. Go where you will in the agricultural districts, you will find groups of children of all sizes down to the baby in arms. The long rows or aisles of wheat, neatly tied in sheaves, which until lately looked like an army divided into companies and covered the field with a glorious harvest, have been nearly all carted to the rick yard—the last wagon is being loaded with the last row. Around the field, at every open fence, and every entrance, a group of little faces peer through the rails or ride on the swinging gate. All eagerly watch the decreasing row, and as the last sheaf is tossed upon the load, they swarm over the field, their tiny fingers picking up each straggling ear of wheat in busy accompaniment to the rattle of their merry voices. Under a large oak tree which affords a shade from the summer's sun, may be seen decrepit old men who have hobbled out of doors to help take care of the babies while others glean the wheat. Their faltering lullabies are answered by the laughing of the gleaners, the song of the lark, and the humming of the honey-bees.

When I was a boy, the farmer looked with honest pleasure upon such a gathering, and encouraged his men to "leave something for the gleaners." No rake

was allowed upon a wheat-field, for the rakings were the right of the poor; a right which farmers now ignore, and gleaning is fast becoming obsolete. Hogs are now turned out to do the gleaning, and farmers forbid the poor to trespass on their land. I have known one family to glean as many as six bushels of wheat in one season. This was all rubbed out by hand, and winnowed by blowing with the mouth while they poured it from one hand to the other; having thus cleaned their gleanings it was taken to the mill, where part was converted into fine flour, and the remainder was ground without bolting. This of course was a great help to their winter's subsistence.

Some of the poor keep a pig; and with what vegetables they can gather for it in the summer, with the help of the barley and oats which they can glean in the fall, they manage to get it tolerably fat, and are thus enabled to relieve the monotony of bread and potatoes; but this variety is rarely indulged in more than once a week. It would be well for those gentlemen across the Atlantic who take so strong ground on the side of meat diet and the use of alcohol, to account for the superior health and hardihood of so large a portion of their population, who of necessity exist almost exclusively on a vegetable diet.

Bees, too, are called in to help the poor keep house. The long spring and summer of England, I imagine, are better adapted to bees, than is this more rigorous climate. I have counted as many as thirty hives in one garden. This probably stimulates the planting of flowers, a custom which has rendered proverbial the fragrance of the cottage garden. Bee culture is carried on by some of these poor people with considerable care and science, who seem to be on excellent terms with their bees, for, notwithstanding that they never protect themselves with any covering while manipulating them, yet they scarcely ever get stung.

I once knew an old man named Robbins, who, although but a day-laborer, was thoroughly posted in the natural history of the bee; and notwithstanding he was an illiterate man, he had so closely watched the habits of the insect, that he could entertain persons for hours with his conversation about bees. He always inspected his new swarms to ascertain if they contained more than one queen bee; in the event of there being two or more such leaders, the swarm would probably divide up into as many factions as there were leaders, and spend their time in quarreling over politics instead of devoting themselves to the making of honey. In order therefore, to save time and insure concert of action, Robbins would pour out his hive upon a cloth, apparently unconscious of their ability to sting him, and handle them over as if they were so many dried peas; sorting out the queen bees, he would destroy all but one, and thus insure a strong industrious stock. But one day a silly bee mistaking old Robbins's head for a honey-comb, crawled into his ear, and being unable to extricate itself, used its sting; the consequent swelling rendered it still more difficult for the misguided insect to beat a retreat, and poor Robbins was so agonized by the struggle for life so near his tympanum that an injection of sweet-oil was resorted to for the purpose of blotting out its insect existence. Robbins recovered, but lost a day's work. When his employer inquired, "Where's Robbins?" he received for reply that he had a bee in his head. "Whew," said the old farmer, "His'n head a ben chuck full a bees ever since I a knowed un."

There are many other artifices resorted to by the laborers and their families in eking out their scanty subsistence, such as making nets, knitting, &c. They have also a custom in some parts, of "copexing," which is gleaning the apple-orchards after the fruit has been gathered. In fact, so great is the pressure of need that very little is wasted when the poor can get access to it. I have frequently known women to walk seven miles in order to take advantage of the cheapest market, and return with such loads as I should even now consider hard work to carry one-seventh of the distance; and my indignation has often been aroused against rich men whom I have

heard denounce the poor as shiftless and extravagant, while on their own estates they were allowing a single store to monopolize the trade, and by high prices and bad goods either robbing the poor or driving them to so much pains in seeking a better market. I remember one instance in which a poor woman to avoid the extortion of the village store walked seven miles to market, and returning with her load sat down exhausted by the road-side, where she gave birth to a child. The circumstance, instead of exciting sympathy among her rich neighbors, only resulted in a criticism from a proud parson on the indecency of going from home under such conditions.

Americans can form but a faint idea of the poverty and hardships of the English poor, or of the many temporal blessings which may accrue to them through the co-operative schemes of such philanthropists as William Lawson and others; although in wishing them God-speed it is difficult to suppress the conviction, that for want of principles sufficiently radical they will fail to insure the society they seek to ameliorate, against a relapse into poverty and want. They may, like Robert Owen, accomplish much of their object and leave an interesting history behind them, but will probably fall far short of their aim and of the permanent good they might otherwise accomplish for the elimination of truth and the benefit of mankind. E.

### THE "FATHERS" IN A ROW.

THERE have been eighteen General Councils of the so-called Christian Church, since the days of the apostles, to which the Pope, assuming that Romanism is the true successor of the Christian line, is about to add another. The last grand Ecumenical Council—that of Trent—was convened in 1545.

The first seven Councils were held in the East, and were attended by the Greek Church, or rather they took place before the separation of the Christian body into the Greek and Latin branches. These ancient Councils were called to settle points of doctrine, forms, creeds, and purge out heresies; and their decisions have been held in extreme veneration by the Greek and Roman Ecclesiastics. The doctrines of the first four Councils were raised by the Emperor Justinian, to a level with the Bible. They form, in fact, a principal link, on which the modern hereditary churches hang their claims of successorship to the apostolic church.

But to show the character of some of these early Councils, and the quality of the Christianity through which Catholicism traces its descent, we give below an authentic scene from the Council of Chalcedon, which met in 451, and which in numbers and dignity, is said to have been far the most distinguished of the Seven. We quote from the report of the Council itself as given in Stanley's History of the Eastern Church. The moment is that of the Imperial officers ordering that Theodoret, Bishop of Kars, should enter the assembly:

"And when the most reverend bishop Theodoret entered, the most reverend the bishops of Egypt, Illyria and Palestine, shouted out, 'Mercy upon us! the faith is destroyed. The canons of the church excommunicate him. Turn him out! Turn out the teacher of Nestorius!'"

"On the other hand, the most reverend of the bishops of the East, of Thrace, of Pontus and of Asia, shouted out, 'We were compelled [at the former Council] to subscribe our names to blank papers; we were scourged into submission. Turn out the Manichæans! Turn out the enemies of Flavian; turn out the adversaries of the faith.'"

"Dioscorus, the most reverend bishop of Alexandria, said, 'Why is Cyril to be turned out? It is he whom Theodoret has condemned.'"

"The most reverend the bishops of the East shouted out, 'Turn out the murderer Dioscorus. Who knows not the deeds of Dioscorus?'"

"The most reverend the bishops of Egypt, Illyria, and Palestine shouted out, 'Long life to the Empress!'"

"The most reverend the bishops of the East shouted out, 'Turn out the murderers!'"

"The most reverend the bishops of Egypt shouted out, 'The Empress turned out Nestorius; long life

to the Catholic Empress! The orthodox Synod refuses to admit Theodoret.'

[Theodoret then being at last received by the Imperial officers and taking his place.]

"The most reverend bishops of the East shouted out, 'He is worthy, worthy.'

"The most reverend the bishops of Egypt shouted out, 'Don't call him bishop, he is no bishop. Turn out the fighter against God! Turn out the Jew!'

"The most reverend the bishops of the East shouted out, 'The orthodox for the Synod! Turn out the rebels! Turn out the murderers!'

"The most reverend the bishops of Egypt, 'Turn out the enemy of God! Turn out the defamer of Christ! Long life to the Empress, long life to the Emperor, long life to the Catholic Emperor! Theodoret condemned Cyril. If we receive Theodoret we excommunicate Cyril.'

At this point, the Imperial Commissioners who were present put a stop to the clamor as unworthy a meeting of Christian bishops. Can any connection be imagined between such an assembly, and the spirit of the first apostles? Yet such is the character of the pretended apostolic succession—such are the "Fathers" of the hereditary church! G.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1869.

As we emerge from the ruins of Owenism, and approach the experiments of the living generation, our old title becomes offensive. So we have adopted a new one, more comely, and indeed more in accordance with our growing ambition to make a faithful history of Socialism in this country. The "Muck-Heap" series will be continued under the title of

### AMERICAN SOCIALISMS.

NO. XIV.

IN order to understand the Fourier movement, we must look at the preparations for it. This we have already been doing, in studying Owenism. But there were other preparations. Owenism was the *Socialistic* prelude. We must now attend to what may be called the

#### RELIGIOUS PREPARATIONS.

Owenism was limited and local, chiefly because it was thoroughly non-religious, and even anti-religious. In order that Fourierism might sweep the nation, it was necessary that it should enter into some form of popular religion, and especially that it should penetrate the strongholds of religious New England.

To prepare for this combination, a differentiation in the New England church was going on simultaneously with the career of Owenism. After the war of 1812—15, the division of Congregationalism into Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, commenced. Excluding from our minds the doctrinal and ecclesiastical quarrels that attended this division, it is easy to see, that Providence, which is always on both sides of every fight, aimed at division of labor in this movement. One party was set to defend religion; the other liberty; one stood by the old faith, like the Jew; the other went off into free-thinking and the fine arts, like the Greek; one worked on regeneration of the heart; the other on culture of the external life; in short, one had for its function the carrying through of the Revival system; the other the development of Socialism.

The royal men of these two "houses of Israel," were Dr. Beecher and Dr. Channing; and both left royal families, direct or collateral. The Beechers are leading the Orthodox to this day; and the Channings, the Unitarians. We all know what Dr. Beecher and his children have done for revivals. He was the pivotal man between Nettleton and Finney in the last generation, and his children are the standard-bearers of revival religion in the present. What the Channings have done for Socialism is not so well-known, and this is what we must now bring to view.

First and chief of all the experiments of the Fourier epoch was

#### BROOK FARM.

And yet Brook Farm in its original conception, was not a Fourier formation at all. It was an American seedling. It was the child of New England Unitarianism. Dr. Channing himself was the suggester of it.

So says Ralph Waldo Emerson. As this is an interesting point of history, we have culled from a very poor newspaper report of Mr. Emerson's late lecture on Brook Farm, the following summary of his reminiscences, from which it appears that Dr. Channing was the pivotal man between old Unitarianism and Transcendentalism, and the father of *The Dial* and Brook Farm:

In the year 1840 Dr. Channing took council with Mr. George Ripley on the point if it were possible to bring cultivated, thoughtful people together, and make a society that deserved the name. He early talked with Dr. John Collins Warren on the same thing, who admitted the wisdom of the purpose, and undertook to make the experiment. Dr. Channing repaired to his house with these thoughts; he found a well chosen assembly of gentlemen; mutual greetings, and introductions, and chattings all around, and he was in the way of introducing the general purposes of the conversation, when a side-door opened, the whole company streamed into an oyster supper, with good wines, and so ended that attempt in Boston. Channing opened his mind then to Ripley, and invited a large party of ladies and gentlemen. I had the honor to be present. No important consequences of the attempt followed. Margaret Fuller, Ripley, Bronson, and Hedge, and many others, gradually came together, but only in the way of students; but I think there prevailed at that time a general belief in the city that this was some concert of doctrinaires to establish certain opinions, or to inaugurate some movement in literature, philosophy, or religion, but of which these conspirators were quite innocent. It was no concert, but only two or three men and women, who read alone with some vivacity. Their reading was not marked, but had the American superficialness. Perhaps all of those were surprised at the rumor that they were a school or sect, but more especially at the name of "Transcendentalism." Nobody knows who first applied the name. These persons became in the common chance of society acquainted with each other, and the result was a strong friendship, exclusive in proportion to their heat. And perhaps those persons, mutually the best friends, were most private, and had no ambition to publish their diaries, letters, or conversations. The vulgar politicians disposed of them as a sentimental class. State street had to be protected. That concert influenced the value of their stocks. Society always values in its leaders inoffensive people, susceptible of conventional polish. The clergyman who lives in the city may have piety, but he must have taste.

From that time, meetings were held with conversation—with very little form—from house to house; yet the intelligent character and varied ability of the company gave it some notoriety, and perhaps awakened some curiosity as to its aims and results. But nothing more serious came of it for a long time. A modest quarterly journal called the *Dial*, under the editorship of Margaret Fuller, enjoyed its obscurity for four years, when it ended. Its papers were the contributions and work of friendship among a narrow circle of writers. Perhaps its writers were also its chief readers—but it had some noble papers—perhaps the best of Margaret Fuller's. It had some numbers highly important, because they contained papers by Theodore Parker. Among these persons who thus met a little later than at the time of which I speak, was Henry Thoreau, a man better known to the public now, far better known, than he was at the time of his death.

I say the only result of the conversations which Dr. Channing had was to initiate or inaugurate the little quarterly called the *Dial*, but it had a further consequence in the creation of the society called the "Brook Farm," in 1841. Many of these persons who had compared their notes around in the libraries of each other upon speculative matters, became impatient of speculation and wished to put it into practice. Mr. George Ripley, with some of his associates, established a society, of which the principle was, that the members should be stockholders, and that while some deposited money, others should be allowed to give their labor in different kinds as an equivalent for money. It contained very many interesting and agreeable persons: Mr. Curtis, of New York, and his brother, of English Oxford, were members of the family; from the first was Theodore Parker; Mr. Morton, of Plymouth, engaged in the fisheries—eccentric; he built a house upon the farm, and he and his family continued in it till the end; Margaret Fuller, with her joyous conversations and sympathies. With the guests were many ladies. Many persons gave character and afforded attractiveness to the place. The farm consisted of 200 acres, and occupied some spot near Reedville camp of later years. It remained in possession of the parties for about six years. In and around it, whether as members, boarders, or visitors, were remarkable persons for character, intellect, and accomplishments.

The Rev. Wm. Channing, now of London, student of socialism in France and England, was a frequent sojourner here, and in perfect sympathy with the

experiment. An English baronet was not only a free visitor, but stopped as a colonist in the society, and was more or less directly interested in its holders and success. It is the worst of a Community that it must be inevitably transferred into the charge of one man, who, in governing them, will find great difficulty in so doing, unless he has the Cossack roughness with the clear mind. The founders of Brook Farm, however, made it an agreeable place to live in, and all comers found it a most pleasant residence. The ordinary work of household routine, the variety, the character, the talent, art, poetry, reading, music—yet these were never permitted to break up the daily routine. Agreed on all sides, it was an associative education, to many the most important period of their lives. It was the birth of valued friendship, the first acquaintance with the riches, conversations, turn in the behavior, art, literature, writing. Letters always flying, not only from house to house, but from room to room. There was one peculiarity, there was no head here, there was no authority, each was master and mistress of their own actions. As I said, the agreement between the parties was, that they should give so many hours of labor, against so many hours of instruction in mathematics, music, intellectual philosophy, &c. But the course of experience in every instance of a new comer, shows, and this will live to the advantage of the society, that he was sure to avail himself of every means of instruction. It was gently said by one that the heads should be responsible for the work being done. Here they saw that the work was to be done, and they did it. It of course did not fail to be done by the full religious workers, but perhaps in wider society than Brook Farm, there will be always those who shirk their work. Though they were punctilious in some parts, they were latitudinarian in others; and Brook Farm found, as do American civil communities, that there was gossip. There were found whispering-galleries in which the adored Saxon privilege was lost. It had also its humorous and comic side of which one hears the frequent statement of the country members, that one man was ploughing all day, and another was looking out of the window all day, perhaps drawing his picture, and they both received the same wages. It would be found sometimes, that they made use of the expression, "before he came on to civilization." The ladies again took cold on wash days, and it was ordained that the gentlemen shepherds should hang out the clothes—which they punctually did, but a great anachronism followed in the evening; when they commenced to dance, the clothes-pins dropped plentifully from their pockets. Brook Farm existed six or seven years, when the society broke up and the farm was sold, and all parties came out with a loss; some had spent on it accumulations of years. At the moment all regarded it as a failure; but I do not think that all so regard it now, but probably as an important chapter in their experience, which has been of life-long value. What knowledge has it not afforded them? What personal power which the studies of character have given: what accumulated culture many members owe to it; what mutual pleasure they took of each other. A close union like that in a ship's cabin, of persons in various conditions; clergymen, young collegians, merchants, mechanics, farmers' sons and daughters, with men of rare opportunities and culture. No assembly ever afforded that sentiment which all shared in the delight and interest of a life of labor and the beauty of the life of humanity; and the scholar saw the continuous strength and faculty for work in those people who disgusted them; but their powers are spent now in the direction of their own theory of life.

This is entertaining, and doubtless reliable on the main point for which we quote it—the Unitarian and Channing-arian origin of Brook Farm—but certainly superficial in its view of the substantial character and final purpose of that Community. Brook Farm, though American and Unitarian in its origin, became at last the chief representative and propagative organ of Fourierism, as we shall show. This public function of the Community, by which it was signally related to the great Socialistic revival of 1843, and the whole of American Socialism, Emerson ignores; and in so doing, misses what we conceive to be the main significance of the experiment, and indeed of Unitarianism itself. Brook Farm was born for the use of Fourierism; as, on the larger scale, Unitarianism was born for the development of American Socialism.

Emerson is not the right man to speak of Brook Farm. He was not a member of it. His name is not among the contributors to *The Phalanx* or the *Harbinger*. In the lecture from which we quote, he criticises Fourier in a way that "shocked" Henry James, and that showed his want of sympathy with the great movement to which Brook Farm abandoned itself. His key-note has always been *Individualism*. We do not believe that he was ever a Socialist. His talk about Brook Farm is too much like



Brutus' eulogy of Cæsar. He has even less right to speak for Brook Farm than Hawthorne; for Hawthorne actually lived and worked there several months—though he finally ran away and ridiculed the experiment. This brilliant Community certainly has a right to complain that its story should have to be told by these two aliens.

The history of Hawthorne's connection with Brook Farm, as given by George William Curtis, is worth quoting here, to show what unsympathetic hands the record of Brook Farm has fallen into:

"Strangely enough, Hawthorne is likely to be the chief future authority upon 'the romantic episode' of Brook Farm. Those who had it at heart more than he, whose faith and hope and energy were all devoted to its development, and many of whom have every ability to make a permanent record, have never done so, and it is already so much a thing of the past that it will probably never be done. \* \* \*

"In Hawthorne's just-published 'Note-Book,' he records a great deal of his daily experience at Brook Farm. But he was never truly at home there. Hawthorne lived in the very center of the Transcendental revival, and he was the friend of many of its leaders, but he was never touched by its spirit. He seems to have been little affected by the great intellectual influences of his time as Charles Lamb of England. The custom-house had become intolerable to him. He was obliged to do something. The enterprise at Brook Farm seemed to him to promise Arcadia. But he forgot that the kingdom of heaven is within you, and when he went to the tranquil banks of the Charles he found himself in a barn-yard shoveling manure, and not at all in Arcadia. 'Before breakfast I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such 'righteous vehemence,' as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fires; and finally went down to breakfast and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast Mr. Ripley put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was called a pitchfork, and he and Mr. Farley being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack upon a heap of manure.'

"Hawthorne was a sturdy and resolute man, and any heap of manure that he attacked must yield; but he had not come to Arcadia to sweat and blister his hands, and his blank and amused disappointment is evident. He had a subtle and pervasive humor, but no spirits. He sees the pleasantness of the place and the beauty of the crops, having knowledge of them and a new interest in them; and he has a quiet conscience because he feels that he is really doing some of the manual work of the world; but he is always a spectator, a critic. He went to Brook Farm as he might have gone to an anchorite's cell; but the fervor that warms and adorns the cold, bare rock he does not have, and the mere consciousness of well-doing is a chilly abstraction. 'I do not believe that I should be patient here if I were not engaged in a righteous and heaven-blessed way of life. . . . I fear it is time for me—sod-compelling as I am—to take the field again. . . . Even my custom-house experience was not such a thralldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionally brutified!' Very soon, of course, the pilgrim to Arcadia escapes from the manure-yard, and declares as he runs, that it was not he, it was a spectre of him, who milked, and raked, and hoed and toiled in the sun. Hawthorne remained at Brook Farm but a few months, and after he left never returned thither, even for a visit.

"The 'Blithedale Romance' shows that he was not unmindful of its poetic aspect; but his genius was stirring in him, and he felt that he could not work hard with his hands and write also. So he went off, and never came back; and although he may have remembered certain persons kindly, his memory of the place and of his life there could not have been very affectionate."

#### THE UPPER SITTING-ROOM.

BY AN OCCUPANT.

I.

THIS room has already been described as "high, airy, embracing two stories, with two large windows touching the floor, soaring thirteen feet and catching the rising sun: surrounded on the north, west and south, by a double tier of bedrooms, one above the other, with an over-looking corridor between," &c., &c. To a person who has never seen the room, this will sound quite like elegance. The imagination will, perhaps, furnish it with all that is graceful and beautiful; rich damask curtains veiled with finest lace, adorning the windows; thickest of velvet carpets, covering the floor; oak panelings for the doors; handsome satin papering on the walls; a

rosewood center-table; chairs of the same quality; divans of all descriptions; the walls adorned with paintings from the oldest masters; vases of nicely wrought porcelain, ornamenting the marble mantelpiece.

But no, dear reader, here you are mistaken. You will see nothing luxurious or extravagant in our sitting-room. True, we have had visions of elegance, and have speculated how easy it would be to convert it into a splendid parlor. But then it would be a great, grim, gloomy room, and we should not take half the comfort in it, that we now do.

Our sitting-room is plainly furnished. The windows are curtained with damask, but the cloth is worn and faded; the floor is carpeted, but the carpet is in-grain, and is this winter doing its last service; the doors and windows, and in fact all inside wood-work, are of pine—and white pine at that; the walls are smoothly finished, but perfectly bare; our center-table is a long, convenient one, made of basswood and painted brown; our chairs are very common, and of all fashions; we have a dozen good, easy rocking-chairs, cushioned and covered with reference to comfort; we have two or three cushioned settees, and a sofa newly made by our own upholsterer; our pictures are nothing to mention, with the exception of the classical portraits on the corridor, which were presented to us by Dr. Achilli, and are heads of Homer, Socrates, Sappho and other Greek philosophers and poets, brought by him from Rome; we have two small vases, which are placed on our mantel; but our mantel is not marble; it is made of pine, and painted white just like our doors and mop-boards. We have besides, one of Welsh's "eight day pendulum octagon clocks," and under it, stands a large, motherly-looking bureau.

In summer the room is cool and airy; in winter it is warm and cozy, being heated by hot-air on one side, and a coal fire on the other. It is not a parlor stove by any means, but just such an one as you are likely to see in offices and business places; rather ungraceful on the whole. We shall be glad when we can afford to replace our present warming apparatus in this house, with steam fixtures. The new wing for the children is to be heated by steam. But we were telling how things are now, and have said enough to show that our upper sitting-room is any thing but stately. We have had new reason, however, to be reconciled to its simplicity lately, as now that all our little ones come over here after supper, we think nothing could be better adapted to their comfort and freedom. What a discord it would make in the gathering, if we should need to continually keep them in check with, "Take care, Willie, don't put your hands on those nice vases;" and "Ormond, don't climb on that sofa;" and "Anna, you must not touch that lace curtain;" and "Horace, keep your hands off the table;" and so spend the whole time in anxious worry about the children; and the poor little things would go home tired and cross, and wish they need not come again where they must always be scolded. But instead of all this, Mr. C. tells them,

"Now children, run and jump all you choose; go up in the corridor if you want to, turn somersaults, and be just as free as you are at home." So they have a grand frolic, and then they are all ready to sit still the moment he rings the bell.

There are twenty-eight doors opening into the sitting-room, above and below. And there is one great mystery connected with them, which has never been cleared up. It has excited much curiosity, and in many instances scandal. Hitherto we have not cared to contradict the stories afloat, or explain the mystery; but being in a communicative mood, we are going to tell all we know of the matter. The facts are these: When we moved into this house some seven years since, there were so many bedrooms, and they were so much alike, we feared there would be endless confusion in finding the occupants. So one very methodical person devised the plan of *numbering each room*, just as is done in hotels. But alas! we have derived no benefit from this operation, since no room in the house is known by its number, but is designated entirely by its present occupant. For instance, we have "Mrs. B.'s room,"

and "Mr. C.'s room," but we don't know any thing about whose room "No. 29" is, or "No. 31," and we know of no instance where the number has been mentioned in this connection. So when stories were going that we had our rooms numbered, and made a practice of drawing out names for each number, etc., we were very much amazed, and laughed to think any one could conjure up such a story out of nothing. But we have borne it with good grace, as it was trivial, compared with other misrepresentations going about us. However, in this series about our sitting-room, we shall make use of these numbers, because we mean to tell you something about the different occupants of the surrounding rooms. The upper sitting-room is a grand place to take observation of persons and things; for here you see every one, and hear all the news agog. H. M. L.

#### A CORRECTION.

*Icaria, January 3, 1869.*

DEAR MR. NOYES:—I lived from 1849 to 1857 at Nauvoo, in the Icarian Community; then twelve years at Cincinnati, in individualism; and now I have come back to the Community. You have been good enough to send me always your interesting paper, and I shall be very glad if you will continue to send it, though you already send one to the Community. We hope to make some progress next year, and I rejoice very much at yours.

In one of your numbers of the Muck-Heap, you say that whiskey was the cause of the war of the majority of this society against M. Cabet. You are mistaken. After M. Cabet went out the majority used very little whiskey, and in the three last years none at all. The cause of the division was, that M. Cabet was as bad an administrator as you are good, and gave offense to a part of the society.

Respectfully yours, Y. MONTALDO.

[I remember well that it was publicly stated, at the time M. Cabet went out, that the quarrel was about whiskey-drinking, to which he was opposed. But this may have been an *ex parte* account of the matter. Still as M. Montaldo intimates that whiskey was a member of the Community at that time, it seems altogether likely that it had a hand in the quarrel. I am glad to learn that the Community still lives and has expelled M. Whiskey, who is certainly a worse administrator than M. Cabet ever was. Success to the Icarians! J. H. N.]

#### FINANCIAL REPORT FOR 1868.

THE policy of concentration of capital and prudence in investments, which we adopted about eighteen months ago, has had a favorable effect upon our financial condition the past season. Our producing departments have been managed with unusual economy, and the items of family expense have been small, considering the increase in size of the home family, consequent upon the withdrawal of the stations at New Haven and New York.

#### PROFIT AND LOSS.

The following table, gives the profit and loss column in our general balance-sheet. It should be noticed that by the terms of agreement signed by all members of the Community, our productive industries are not charged with the labor of our own people; their board, lodging, washing, education, care in sickness, support in old age, and all the comforts and luxuries of Community life being considered as fair remunerative equivalents for all the labor performed. This exemption from charges for salaries of superintendents, shipping-clerks and book-keepers, as well as for wages of a number of our people who labor in the rank-and-file, causes the profits of our businesses to appear upon the books much larger than would be the case in ordinary society. The entire debit side of the profit and loss account is not much too

large to charge to our productive departments for services rendered by our own people.

Loss	Dr.	Profit	Cr.
To expenses for,		By profit arising from	
Education .....	\$ 883.98	the following	
Music .....	84.95	branches of pro-	
Library .....	509.94	ductive industry:	
Furniture .....	1,957.45	Farm and garden;	
Lights .....	474.99	Fruit-preserving;	
Stoves .....	855.87	Rents; Boarding-	
Fuel .....	2,274.84	house; Silk manu-	
Washing .....	1,675.55	facturing; Silk job-	
Kitchen .....	21,055.44	bining; Silk dyeing;	
Clothing .....	8,162.15	O. C. Store; Trap	
Boots and Shoes .....	1,554.84	manufacturing;	
Dentistry .....	464.87	Machine-shop;	
Surgery .....	169.96	Foundry and Black-	
Printing .....	623.17	smithing .....	\$107,752.04
Traveling .....	815.61	By receipts from en-	
Stationery .....	417.89	tertainment of vi-	
Postage .....	886.61	sitors .....	1,357.39
Incidentals .....	1,287.87	By individual dona-	
		tions .....	773.25
Total family expense	42,588.43	By property not in-	
		ventoried last year	997.94
To interest paid .....	1,117.32		
" building .....	2,377.08		
" depreciation of real			
estate .....	1,931.09		
To exchange paid .....	27.84		
" loss on flower garden			
den .....	423.60		
To loss on Tin shop .....	80.71		
" " Stone quarry .....	107.23		
" " closing Bag			
department .....	2,082.76		
To balance of Profit			
and Loss account .....	4,167.84		
Total expense of O. C.	55,348.60		
Bal. of profit to capital	55,532.02		
	\$110,880.62		\$110,880.62

Some explanation of this table is necessary. The profits of the various producing departments, show larger than the percentage of profit on our actual cash sales to other people would call for. This is accounted for by the charges between the different departments of the Community, which swell both sides of the account without affecting the net result. Hence the mistake of supposing the debit side of the account to represent our *cash* expenses, must not be made. For instance the kitchen consumed a large amount of fresh fruit, which swelled its debit balance several thousand dollars, but the farm and garden made a profit in raising the fruits which appears in the aggregate on the credit side. In a similar manner the *visitor* account shows a profit of \$1,357.39. But this is only apparent; for, in consequence of the difficulty of distinguishing the visitors' kitchen from the kitchen proper, no accounts have been kept between them, and the kitchen account stands charged with all the expenses of the visitor account; which expenses, many of our people think, fully equal the receipts shown. This account only takes cognizance of summer visitors from whom we take pay. We have an average of about two visitors at every meal throughout the year, who are guests of the family and do not pay.

The item of individual donations is the sale of property belonging to a member of the Community.

On the side of expense, the laundry, kitchen, printing, &c.; are not charged with the labor of our own people. Hired labor in these departments would swell the total to a much larger figure. The whole expense column shows the cost of living besides the labor done. The wages we may be said to pay our own people are the *cost of living*.

The expenses of the *education, music* and *library* accounts, are the cost of books, &c. The *fuel* account shows the expense of the family exclusive of the producing departments. The *kitchen* account is several thousand dollars larger than last year, when it was \$15,877.01. This difference is caused, partly by the addition of about thirty members from New Haven and New York, and largely by the fact that the

Community indulged without stint in all the varieties of summer fruits, which were charged to the kitchen at market prices by the garden, farm and preserving departments. The expense for *dentistry* is cash paid for gold foil, &c. One of our own men is constantly occupied in this art. The *printing* balance is the loss on publishing the CIRCULAR, after crediting \$585.45 received from subscribers and \$207.66 for job work done for our manufacturing departments. The CIRCULAR employs six women and one man, for whose labor no charge is made. The *traveling* account does not include the expenses of our business agents, which are charged to the departments on whose account they travel. The loss on the *flower-garden* was caused by the depreciation of stock of green-house plants after the old conservatory was demolished last spring. The *tin shop* shows a loss because its services were not charged to the other departments. The loss on the *stone quarry* is occasioned by neglect in keeping account of the amount of stone drawn away. A large quantity of stone has been disposed of, and we hope to realize some of the profits in the course of the next year. The loss in closing the *bag department* was occasioned by the fact that the inventory a year ago included a lot of unsalable stock which we were obliged to dispose of at a sacrifice. This business is now fairly off our books. The *profit and loss* account, includes the following items:

Paid to friends and relatives outside the Community .....	\$ 920.00
Bad debts .....	649.00
School and land taxes .....	761.85
Accrued interest, not paid .....	873.48
Paid lawyer's retaining fee .....	50.00
Reimbursements to dissatisfied friends .....	420.00
Small items .....	498.51
	\$4,167.84

#### NET EARNINGS OF O. C.

If from the balance of profit at O. C. (\$55,532.02) we deduct individual donations (\$773.25), and property not inventoried last year (\$997.94), and add the items of money paid to friends and relatives outside the Community (\$920.00), and re-imbursements to dissatisfied friends (\$420.00), we shall have for the *net earnings* of O. C., \$55,100.83.

#### CAPITAL.

There was a loss in closing the New York Agency of \$2,178.52. Wallingford on the other hand shows a gain of \$5,425.45. While the CIRCULAR was at Wallingford an annual deficit of about \$5,000 occurred. Since the removal of the paper to Oneida, in March last, Wallingford has about supported itself. The gain in capital is due to the rise of real estate in the neighborhood, by which an addition of \$7,280.20 has been made to the previous valuation of the farm.

The following are the net results at O. C. and all its branches.

Increase at O. C. ....	\$ 55,532.02
" Wallingford .....	5,425.45
	60,957.47
Deduct loss at New York .....	2,178.52
Net increase of capital of united Communities ..	58,778.95
Capital Jan. 1st, 1868 .....	318,008.22
Net capital of united Communities Jan. 1st, 1869,	\$371,787.17

#### COST OF LIVING.

The total family expense (\$42,583.43) given above, includes some items, such as music, library, traveling, &c., which are not generally included in the cost of living. Taking an average of 232 persons, great and small, in the family the last

year, the expense per individual, in each department can easily be calculated from the table. The following are some of the principal items, deducting \$1,000 from the kitchen account as being the probable cost of food for visitors:

Food per individual, \$36.44 per year or \$1.66 per week.	
Clothing .....	35.18
Boots and shoes .....	6.70
Washing .....	7.22
Other items .....	47.79
Total expense .....	\$188.88

It must be borne in mind that the above is mainly the cost of the *raw material*. The labor of cooking and washing, and partly that of making clothing, boots and shoes, is omitted. The account compares best as it is, with the expenses of a common farmer's family.

The following are the principal items of table expense at O. C. and Willow-Place:

Flour and meal .....	\$2,245.27
Sugar and syrup .....	3,312.04
Butter .....	3,246.07
Suet .....	71.57
Vegetables .....	2,530.24
Milk .....	2,532.33
Cheese .....	296.25
Meat and poultry .....	691.75
Eggs .....	443.84
Fish (including shell-fish) .....	391.57
Fruits .....	1,730.39
" Preserved .....	2,456.84

#### HEALTH.

The family health has been good. No epidemic disease has come near us. Two deaths and one birth have occurred during the year. The exemption of the Community from fevers and summer complaints is quite remarkable.

#### LABOR.

An inquiry into the amount of labor performed by our own people, results in an approximation as follows. The year is considered to consist of 304 days:

	No.	Per day.
	(80)	7 hours
Able-bodied men .....	(84)	6 " 40 min.
" women .....	(6)	3 " 40 "
Invalid and aged men .....	(4)	3 " 40 "
Boys .....	(9)	1 " 20 "
Invalid and aged women ..	(2)	1 " 20 "
Girls .....		

This is exclusive of care of children, school-teaching, printing and editing the CIRCULAR, and much head-work in all departments.

This amount of work for 304 days in the year, figures up 35,568 days' work at 10 hours per day. If this labor were paid at the rate of \$1.50 per day it would bring \$53,352.00. Subtracting from this the cost of living of the whole family, less cost of visitors' fare (\$1,000), we have a profit on the labor of the Community at \$1.50 per day, of \$11,818.57 or 33 cents for every 10 hours working day paid at \$1.50. The cost of living amounts to \$1.17 for each day's labor.

But a large share of the labor is skilled, and would earn much more than \$1.50. The Community system releases women from much low-priced drudgery and places them in situations usually filled by men, at high prices; e. g., book-keeping and superintendence of manufacturing. Taking the gross profits of the productive departments (\$107,752.04) and dividing by the day's works, we have for superintendents' time, book-keeping, shipping and skilled labor; \$3.03 per day. This shows that our profits are not so much speculative as some people imagine. Were it possible for a skillful mechanic to live in cooperation with others so that his wife and elder children could spend some time at productive labor, and his family could secure the economies of combined households, their wages at present rates

would be more than double the cost of living. The Oneida Community are capitalists mainly by virtue of self-denial and combination.

#### TRAP MANUFACTURE.

The trade in traps has not been quite as large this year as last. The market opened earlier in the summer than usual, and fell off as the money stringency in the West came on. The business has been allowed more capital than heretofore, and the manufacture has been carried steadily on throughout the year; consequently we have avoided the crowded rush to fill orders in the fall, which so annoyed us a year ago.

The high standard of the Newhouse trap is fully sustained, and no pains are spared to make it a perfect article.

No. of traps manufactured.....	278,000
Sales .....	\$99,937.77
Average number of hands hired.....	88
"    "    "    from O. C.,	19

#### SILK MANUFACTURE.

The standard of excellence which we have undertaken in the manufacture of machine-twist has caused an increasing demand for the article, and our shop has been driven to its fullest capacity all the fall. We are expecting to enlarge the room in the spring. The part of the east wing of the Willow-Place factory which has been used for inspecting and packing traps, is to be added to the present silk-room. The dyeing business was undertaken by one of our chemists in the spring, and we now dye our own black silk. This branch is carried on in the basement of the Tontine at O. C. The spooling is also done in the Tontine, by our own women.

Average number of hired women and girls employed.....	50
Average number of O. C. hands employed:	
Dyeing .....	1
Spooling .....	12
Superintendents .....	4
	— 17

Raw silk consumed during the year,	
(44 bales).....	4,664 lbs.

All of the stock used has been Nos. 1 and 2, Tsatlee.

Sales .....	\$86,881.58.
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#### PRESERVED FRUIT.

This business has had a moderate success. But the wear and tear in the height of the season was more than we could afford, while carrying on our other branches of spiritual and industrial enterprise, which suffered some from the imperious demands of spoiling fruit. So it has been decided to abandon the business. Fruit was plenty this season, and no great loss was incurred.

No. of cans of vegetables put up.....	70,866
"    "    fruit.....	20,281
"    bottles .....	9,923
"    tumblers of jelly.....	8,388
Sales.....	\$40,722.79

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The cash business of the Community has been nearly \$300,000.00 each way; or a total of about \$575,000.00.

The foundry has employed three hands constantly moulding, and used 227,000 lbs. of scrap and pig iron. Seventy-two hop stoves have been made. The saw-mill has sawed 305,000 feet of lumber. The farm has supported 93 head of cattle and 25 horses. The dairy produced 31,143 gallons of milk. About 300 tons of hay were secured by the farmers. Potatoes, 800 bushels. Twenty-five acres of sweet corn were raised for the fruit-preservers. 23,667 quarts (740 bushels) of strawberries were raised. The orchards yielded 1450 bushels of apples. Team-

ing done, valued at \$6,260.00. The following cash was paid for hired labor in the different departments:

Farm.....	\$ 6,813.97
Fruit Preserving.....	680.57
Bag Works.....	697.82
Trap Shop.....	10,123.63
Machine Shop.....	1,180.02
Blacksmithing.....	2,280.67
Foundry.....	1,802.14
Silk Manufacturing.....	9,307.22
Saw-mill .....	523.11
Tailor's shop .....	710.75
Shoe Shop.....	822.28

Total.....\$34,842.13

#### WALLINGFORD.

Wallingford, Jan. 1, 1869.

The number of persons forming this Community at the present time is 33. The number up to the time of the removal of the CIRCULAR office to O. C., was 50; and during our fruit harvest it was 45. The average number has been nearly 39.

Our remunerative industries have been limited to Job Printing, Fruit-raising and Farming. The net proceeds of the printing department (not estimating the labor of the hands employed, —at present three men and two women), have been \$2,744.54. The Garden and Farm make an unusually good showing for the past year, notwithstanding the small strawberry-crop. The grape vineyards were quite productive; the raspberry crop was good; and hay, corn, potatoes, oats, and other farm products abundant for our soil and climate. Including under one head the various branches of garden and farm culture, the total net proceeds of the Garden and Farm for 1868 were \$5,161.26. This estimate does not allow for the labor performed by our own people, which would average that of three or four hands, not taking into account the numerous "strawberry bees," "raspberry bees," &c.

#### THE COST OF LIVING,

in 1867, at W. C. was \$1.88 per week for food for each member; for clothing, \$0.84. In 1868 the figures were,

Cost of food.....	\$2.44
"    "    clothing .....	.82

The increased cost of food is mainly accounted for by the fact that more fruit has been used than in any former year, which has been reckoned at the high market prices of this section. As long as this remains a fruit-raising Community, it can not be expected that there will be any restriction placed on the amount used at home, whatever prices may rule abroad, especially as we consider fruit in many respects more desirable than meat as an article of diet.

About one-fifth of the yearly expense of the culinary department has been for the various kinds of fruit. The remaining family expenses have averaged for each member about the same as last year, with the exception of traveling, which has been considerably reduced. Here are the principal items in the aggregate:

Clothing.....	\$1,655.42
Kitchen.....	4,909.02
Fuel and Lights.....	532.00
Traveling .....	477.40
Postage .....	84.52
Repairs .....	250.00
Incidentals (including taxes, &c.).....	1,899.45
Furniture .....	200.00
Dentistry.....	67.08

Average total expense per week of each individual, \$4.85.

In conclusion, it may be stated that this Community has paid its expenses since the publication of the CIRCULAR was transferred to Oneida

(March 10), though for the year its expenses (including the maintenance of its students at Yale), have exceeded its income by \$1,949.91.

W.

#### THE MIDLAND RAILROAD.

No accurate estimate has been made of the damages to our real estate by the passage of the Midland through it. The distance traversing our estate is one mile and twelve rods. We have estimated the value of our land as unaffected, as yet, by the advantages or disadvantages of the railroad. Notwithstanding we were obliged to resist the importunities of our friends to subscribe to the stock of the Company, we have made a gift, under suitable conditions, of the right of way through our land. The damages have been roughly estimated by disinterested persons, to be at least \$12,000.00. So we count ourselves among the supporters of this valuable public improvement.

#### CONCLUSION.

By the above showing we have fulfilled our promise of an annual expose of our financial affairs. On some accounts we do not care to rest under a distinct pledge to do the like in future. We shall probably wish to keep the public informed of our progress from time to time, but prefer to choose our own time for doing so. Enough can be gathered from what we have already said to demonstrate that Communism presents no difficulties in getting a living or even in acquiring wealth. The problem which faces social reformers is the acquisition of agreement. Money will come easily after that. Let no one envy our prosperity. It is within the reach of all who choose to take it. It is bought with the price of unity and organization.

#### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Jan. 9.]

#### ONEIDA.

—Rails for the Midland began to pass our place today (Jan. 9). They are destined for a side track for gravel trains, about nine miles south of here. Eight rails make a load weighing 8,520 lbs. The contractor pays for drawing from Oneida depot, thirteen miles, forty cents per rail.

—For several days past Mr. Newhouse, alias the "Canadian Trapper," has called the attention of one and another to certain tracks in the snow beside the road, about half way between O. C., and W. P., at the same time pronouncing them unmistakably fox tracks. Some believed without questioning, but the more incredulous asked how he knew they were not dog tracks, as the casual observer, not versed in vulpine track characteristics, would readily have taken them to be. Whereupon the distinguishing features of Reynard's track were described thus: they are long and narrow, with long toes, while the track of the dog is more nearly round. About an hour after the above discussion, several of the same party were passing near where the tracks were discovered, when one exclaimed, "There goes a fox!" and while all eyes were turned to look, another exclaimed, "There is another one too, way on beyond!" and sure enough, there were two foxes in full view, and one of them only a few rods from the road, which he had apparently just crossed, bounding off with all speed for the eastern hills. The one nearest to us made a conspicuous figure against the white background of snow, in broad daylight, and his voluminous tail, sharp nose, and agile leaps as he cleared the fences, left no room to doubt the identity of his foxship or of the above-mentioned tracks.

—There is a time, you know, for all things, and Sunday evening has become emphatically our time for laughing. Nobody plans beforehand, but something comes of itself, as it were, to "light the

eye and part the lip." For almost four years our orchestra had been dumb. The Hall, which had so long re-echoed its harmonies, became suddenly silent, in the summer of 1865. The violins have been mute; the horns and flutes breathless, the drums unstrung. The musicians were scattered; some were in New York, some in New Haven, some in Wallingford. But now all save three are here together again. "Come," said one, "let's have the orchestra revived." "Let's have one play together, for 'Auld Lang Syne,' no matter how it sounds. We'll have a laugh anyway." And as though a fairy had waved her magic wand, at 7 o'clock one member after another of the band, instrument in hand, came upon the stage and took his well-remembered seat. Twenty-two there were. "O, won't it be a funny burlesque?" we said. "They haven't practiced a bit, and haven't the first idea what they are going to play. They never can keep together; they will 'break down' a dozen times of course," and we laughed in anticipation. The leader lifted his *baton* amid silence that was audible, and on the instant every instrument, exactly together, struck the opening chords of "Oneida Quickstep." Shades of the Nine! How electrifying! We gazed at each other in astonishment as they swept on to the melody, to the more rapid passages, never breaking, but almost as of old, answering as one man to the swaying *baton* of the leader, then yielded ourselves to the fascination of the familiar strains, greeting the *finale* with clapping that made our hands tingle for half an hour after. "It is wonderful," we exclaimed; "it is a miracle!" We have been growing heretical all winter in regard to the professional notion that a musician must devote himself to incessant practice, perceiving that it is the *spirit* with which music is animated that gives it its charm, and that each acquirement of the mind, each added grace of character, and above all each new gift of the Spirit, increases by so much the musician's power to please, while his fingers do not "forget their cunning" half so quick as one would think. Two or three more old pieces were played with equal success and with a most soul-satisfying effect, though we couldn't say we wanted no more when the last cadence died away; or if we could, it was only because we were waiting to hear a Hutchinson sing! Mr. Joshua Hutchinson was present. His name is not so familiar, perhaps, to the public, as others of the family, but he was the teacher of his brothers, and the organizer of the original band. He lives in Milford, New Hampshire, the native place of the wonderful singers. Returning from a visit to the West, beyond St. Paul, he found himself Saturday night, short of his destination, at the Oneida station. A sudden thought took him while the cars waited. He would get out and spend the Sunday at the Community. He had never been here. Happy thought! We regarded it as a providence; and he said it was a providence to him. When we invited him to sing to us in the evening, we apologized for what we supposed would be a ridiculous introduction; but he manifested such hearty enjoyment that we thought it did not need so much apology after all. The best compliment we can pay to his music is that it was truly Hutchinsonian—sweet, magnetic, miraculous in modulation, conveying the words distinctly, married to beautiful sentiment. He sang, "Every Land's my Home," "The Farmer's Song," "A Hand that is Warm and a Heart that is True," "If I had a Donkey what wouldn't Go," &c., &c. Most beautiful of all was "The Mountain Echo," which he introduced by saying, "I was going to say that this song is *one* of my own composition, and I believe it is, but it is about the only one." Every verse ended with an echo exquisitely real. The last reverberation of an alpine horn transported the senses.

—Somebody at W. C. makes merry with the Positivist philosophy by commencing his note in the following style:

"The reception of your kindly note caused quite a 'humming in my tissues,' to use the latest 'scientific' definition of the Positivists. You musn't ever say you *feel* so and so, that is infantile and 'anthropomorphic.' Feeling is simply a mode of molecular motion by which the individual is related to Hu-

manity; and She, i. e., Humanity, is composed of Moses, Bichat, Guttenberg and Homer, and of course is all right. In other words, it's a 'pleasant hum in the tissues,' and I like it."

—Behold



THE FINAL SHOE.

We mentioned some time ago the agitation of the shoe question in the O. C. What for the female foot? Fashion, we resolved, should not say any longer. We would not have high heels, and we would not have high-laced boots. We could not spare the time to tie up balmorals, and we were convinced that they weaken and cramp the ankles. We held meetings (chattering women's meetings), the shoe-maker sent in his models; they were passed from hand to hand and discussed; a consulting committee was appointed, &c., &c. One pattern after another was introduced and tried, but we fixed at last upon what our artist calls "The Final Shoe." It may be made of cloth or leather. If of leather, it requires a gore in the instep. It is quick to get on, and satisfies the taste of all.

PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—A YOUNG LADY ADMITTED TO THE ST. LOUIS LAW SCHOOL.—The St. Louis law school, it is known, is a highly respectable institution of the Washington University. Henry Hitchcock, Esq., is Dean of the Faculty, and some of the ablest lawyers of the city are members. Judge Treat, of the United States Circuit Court, is a prominent member of the faculty, and takes great interest in the institution. The rules of this law school provide that any person possessing the requisite qualifications shall be admitted to the privileges of the school. Nothing is said about sex.

At a recent meeting of the managers of the law school, an application was received from a young lady of the city for admission. It was known to all the persons present at the meeting that the applicant was a highly respectable and intelligent young lady, and withal exceedingly beautiful and accomplished. No reason could be suggested why she should not be admitted as a law student, and on taking the vote it was decided unanimously that she was eligible. So we have the pleasure of announcing that the thorny path of the legal profession may probably be decorated by at least one fair flower. It is not certain, however, that this modern Portia will adopt the law as a profession. It may be that she merely wishes to become more familiar with the law to gratify her thirst for knowledge, or that instead of going into the courts as an advocate, she will remain in the college as a professor.

—St. Louis Democrat.

#### NEWS AND ITEMS.

Boston expended last year \$3,076,036 in laying out new, and widening old streets.

MANY cases of agrarian violence are reported in Ireland, and much bitterness exists against the landholders.

A LARGE colony from Lombardy, intend emigrating to Middle Georgia to cultivate the olive and mulberry.

SENATOR SPRAGUE has purchased the water-power at Columbia, South Carolina, for the purpose of erecting a cotton-factory there.

THE *Patrie* says that the sympathy in France with the objects of the Chinese embassy is so great as to insure Mr. Burlingame's success.

SEVILLE, the capital of Andalusia, and Jerez de la Frontera, another of the large cities of Spain, have followed Cadiz and Malaga and made formidable republican demonstrations.

It is Senator Pomeroy's intention to get a vote on his constitutional amendment for womanhood suffrage before the convention in that interest, to be held in a few weeks, will assemble.

No more sensible and just proposition can be made to the Paris Conference than the one which Greece is said to have the intention to introduce; namely, that the Cretans be allowed to declare by a general vote whether in future they shall belong to Turkey or Greece.

## Announcements:

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

### ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

### STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

### WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works); also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-Lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

### PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, *cart de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75.

The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSES. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR and orders for our publications.